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And her stunning suit is black As a crow's: Short—and thinks it's a pity; Charming, Jolly, wise, and witty: Has a retrouss!—so pretty— Little nose.

In her basket phiseton, When it blows, With her siriking glass on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet as stately, As she atta there so reducity,
With her checks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

III. She playa Chopin, Lisat, and Spohr, For her beauxs;
And she speaks of 'Pinnfore' —
Heaven knows!
With a naughty 'D' and 'Never! But she's awful nice and clever; If she liked mc, I'd endeavor

ANNA CARTER. Ladies' Spring Jackets,

I was walking in Chestnut street, in the great mining camp on the carbonates. I had been crowded by the dense throng from the sidewalk into the street. A galloping horse was jerked back on his haunches by my side. An active figure sprang from the saddle, and before me stood Henry Watson, with outstretched hands. Clasping palms, we gazed at each other for an instant. Then he said, 'I am very glad to see you. This is not a place to greet each other after thirteen years' separation. I am at the Occidental Hotel. I will wait for you there this evening. The pressure of our hands lightened for an instant. He leaped on his horse. I saw the spurs struck into the animal's side, and, with a great leap, the horse bounded up the hill on a gallop.

hill on a gallop.

That evening we dinest together. The meal over, Watson suggested that we should walk. Putting on our overcoats, we stepped into the stream of pushing, struggling men that moved past the hotel doors. We walked should usely use came to a cores stream. slowly until we came to a cross street that led to the hills where the mines are. Turning into it we walked briskly up the mountain slope toward the pine forest. In the edge of the timber we seated ourselves on a fallen tree and talked far into the

on a fatien tree and taken ar into the night.

To the west the snowy crest of the Third Range glistened in the light of a glowing October moon. There was a dark horizontal line, drawn by the hand of nature, on the deeply-channeled flanks of the mighty range that marked the limit—the deadly breath of the Arctic winds—set to the encroachment of the hardy meuntain pines. Eastward the Second Range loomed gloomly Eastward the Second Range loomed gloomily against the horizon. The glare of many flaming furnaces failed to relieve the dark-HIGH AND LOW-NECK ness in the valley below us. There was a glimmer of lights in the canon where the glimmer of lights in the canon where the great mining camp lay. Mingling with the sad sighing of the gently waving pine boughs, but as sharply separated and defined as chords in music, was the distant, subdued hum of early revellers who thronged the narrow streets of the town below. There had been a great "find" that day, and the camp was wild with excitement. The sighing of the pines depressed me. I said so to Watson, and he rose instantly, saying, "Let us go the hotel." We walked down the mountain side, picking our way carefully through the opens where the forest had been slain to satisfy the ever-growing demand of the mines for timber. A veil of light clouds had been drawn across the sky.

The second of the mines for timber. A veil of light clouds had been drawn across were sed down on bar or tables, demand of the mines for timber. A veil of light clouds had been drawn across were sed down on bar or tables, demand of the mines for timber. A veil of light clouds had been drawn across the sky. Another, and far thicker one, was rapidly pushing ap from behind the Third Range, and threatened to deprive us of the faint light the moon still afforded. We were among the miners. The sounds produced by the clang of plunger pumps, the creaking of the was in the back room. We knocked and the was in the back room. We knocked the was in the back room. We knocked and the was in the back room. We knocked the was in the back of the high mountain. We passed the was in the back room. We knocked the was in the was in the back of the high mountain. We passed the was in the back of the high mountain. We passed the was the was in the back room. We knocked the was the passed the was the reply. In the was the was the passed the was the was the passed the was the passed the was the was the passed the was the passed the was the was the passed the was the was the was the passed the was the was the passed the was the was the pa

Watson? Come to me." We arose up and walked to the redoubt. There was a shaking of hands through a little embrasure. Then the sentinel said: "You are cold, of course, I will not detain you here talking. You have missed the trail. Keep more to the right and you will come to it. Go to the Tennessee Rooms and walt for me. I will be off duty a little after midnight, and will join you there." We found the trail, and were soon in Leadville's great gambling rooms.

you there." We found the trail, and were soon in Leadville's great gambling rooms. Securing chairs, we drew them to a window. My comrade was still nervous, and apparently occupied with painful thoughts. I beckened to a waiter and ordered some whisky and cigars. We drank the liquor, and when our cigars were glowing Watson said, laying his hand levingly on my shoulder: "We were boys together playing in the streets of a city by the Hudson. We were soldiers together serving on the same piece of artillery, and after the war we worked together in the coal mines of Pennsylvania for our daily bread." He ceased talking for an instant, then musingly remarked: "I do not believe that a man ever forms a real friendship for another man after he is thirty years old. I have many friends in the Rocky mountains, but I do not feel

the pleasure of hearing her voice. Something had alarmed her. She was nervous and timid, and again and again turned her eyes from my face to the canvas hag lying on the moss-grown rock. She declined to be led into a talk with a stranger. Finally she picked up her water bucket and walked irresolutely glong the path to the house. It filled my pipe, and sat smoking and locking at the busy scene below me. It wished I could board at the little house where the handsome girl went, and so before from the life in the dirty houses, and the vile aurroundings of the mining town below me. The afternoon was warm, the air pure, the leaves of the trees were drowsily rustling, and I slept. I was awakened by a light hand laid on my shoulder. The girl stood at ray wide. She said anxiously: "Who are you? What are you doing here? What is concealed in that sack?" I told her my name, that I was a miner searching for work, and that my tools were in the bag. It was evident that she had control to the could be the sack and emptied the tools on the ground. As the alarmed, doubtful expression faded from her face, lasked her mother if I might board with them, adding trankly that they were very poor, and the money I paid for my board would be a great help to them. She looked at me. Her eyes filled with tears as she replied: "I have no father. Ha is dead." After an instant's pause she added: "The Mölly Maguires killed him." I would notice the movement of the mule and with them, adding trankly that they were very poor, and the money I paid for my board would be a great help to them. She looked at me. Her eyes filled with tears as she replied: "I have no father. Ha is dead." After an instant's pause she added: "The Mölly Maguires killed him." I would not know what my hour would be a great help to them. She looked at me, the mother was a thin, wan woman of about forty-live, evidently selected by the mother of the mother was a thin, wan woman of about forty-live, evidently selected by the mother than her would be a great help to them. She becaus

looked at me. Her eyes filled with tears as she replied: "I have no father. He is dead." After an instant's pause she added: "The Molly Maguires killed him." She would ask her mother if I might board with them, adding frankly that they were very poor, and the money I paid for my board would be a great help to them. She also said that she had feared I was an agent of the Molly Maguires sent to blow them up with nitro-glycerine. The poor girl had thought my sack was full of cartridges, because I handled it carefully. We went to the house. Her mother was a thin, wan woman of about forty-five, evidently greatly shaken. She sat in a low armchair by an open window. Her thin hands were crossed in her lap. Her hair was gray. There was an absent, far-away expression in her eyes and on her face. She impressed me as one patiently waiting for the coming of death. She listened to my request, and, turning to her daughter, said, "He can live with us if you desire it, Anna." With a pleased look the girl said she thought it best, and showed me a little room that she said was to be mine. Not doubting that I could get work, I paid Anna two months' board in advance, and; premising to be back by dark, went down to the superintendent's office in the village. To my great astonishment, he told me the mine was full-handed. I knew he lied. I walked up the dingy streets wondering what I had better do. Dropping into a saloon. I

mine was full-handed. I knew he lied. I walked up the dingy streets wondering what I had better do. Dropping into a saloon, I met Fred Haskell. He was an Andersonville prison comrade of mine. Our greeting over, I stated my case to him. He said he was working in the mine, and in sore need of a comrade. Hastily drinking a mug of ale he

working in the mine, and in sore need of a comrade. Hastily drinking a mug of ale he had in his hand, he took my arm and we walked out into the street.

"Whom did you apply to for work?" he asked. 'The superintendent,' I replied. Bless your innocent heart, you are not in the Broad Top region nor at Pittsburg. We manage differently here. You must see the man who is supposed to be at the head of the Molly Maguires of this district. He alone can employ you. The mine manager cannot, dare not, give you work. I will arrange matters for you.' Passing through a few short dirty streets, we came to a dingy saloon, in front of which a luge green harp, freshly painted, swung creaking on its hinges. A low murmur of many voices came floating out. A strong smell of alcohol pervaded the air in front of the open door. Entering, I saw a throng of Irish miners. All were smoking and drinking. The voices instantly hushed. With thumps the filled and empty glasses were set down on bar or tables. Ficroe glances were cast on us. I saw threat-

angrily, "Who comes there?" I also dropped behind a stump. I could hear the quick breathing of my comrade, and was surprised at his apparent nervousness. He knew the invisible sentinel could not possibly see the sights of his ride, much lees see us. Silently we lay on the earth for a few minutes. Then for athird time the challenge, slightly varied, was sternly repeated, "Who lies there? Answer, or I will fire." Instantly my comrade answered, "Henry Watson and a friend. Don't shoot, Fred Haskell."

There was a slight pause, then in an eager, pleased voice, the sentinel said: "Is it you, Watson? Come to me." We arose up and walked to the redoubt. There was a shaking of hands through a little embrasure. Then the sentinel said: "You are cold, of

vas a brother nine years old, born in this ountry, named Willie. He tended a door in the nime. The family lived on his scanty wages and on the money obtained by selling eggs and fowls that Anna raised, and on eggs and lowis that Anna raised, and on vegetables grown in the garden. "I worked steadily in the mine. Slowly I grew to love Anna. Early in the morn-ing and in the evening we worked in the garden. Saturday afternoons and Sundays the miners' holidays, were spent by us on the mountains in the unbroken forest. Willie generally accompanied us on these pleasure excursions. We fished for trout in the little

mountain streams, and after the first frost we gathered nuts for use during the winter. Once we saw a deer. It was the happiest period of my life. Two years passed. An-na's mother looked on me as an elder son. I had been appointed to take charge of the miners engaged in withdrawing the pillars of an exhausted boundary. I expected to be promoted on the saccessful completion of this work. Then my future would be secure. I

the two figures began to wear on me. I half believed they were spectres. I grew despe-rate and waited greedily for their reappear-ance and approach. Out stepped the first one. I decided to rush on him as soon as he was within eight or ten yards of me and crush him before the other came up. From behind the timbers the second figure emerged and glided after the first. The leader stopped to listen. Again the hindermost disappeared. I then realized that the second figure was hunting the first, who was hunting me.

I then realized that the second figure was hunting the first, who was hunting me. From that moment I knew that Willie had slipped into Haskell's room as he passed it and told him of seeing me standing at the entrance of my room, and knew the second figure was Haskell. I knew, too, that the slayer was to be slain, that death lurked close behind him, and I waited with absolute unconcern for it to fall on him. The shadows glided noiselessly on, coming nearer and nearer to me and to each other. The air grew heavy and foul with the smoke of the exploded powder, almost veiling the figures

nine o'clock, when the society meets. Go to the surface as soon as it is dark. Bid Anna place in the Treasury, which she still holds good-bye, and getaway at once. I will not be suspected. You will be killed to-night if you remain. Get out of the anthracite rerespected. You will be surface in the last the support of others. She receives \$100 regions." I went to the surface in the last the support of others. gions." I went to the surface in the last car. Hastening from the shaft to the house, I saw Anna standing at the gate waiting for me. She cheerfully asked: 'What makes you so late? I feared an accident in the mine.' Before I could answer she ran into the house to prepare supper. I thought-lessly followed. On my entering the room she saw blood on my hands and clothing. Anxious, alarmed, she asked if I was hurt. Assuring her that I was uninjured, I went into my room, washed, and put on my holiday clothes. Excitedly Anna looked at me when

clothes. Excitedly Anna looked at me when I reëntered the kitchen, but said nothing until I had eaten my supper. Then, standing in front of me, she clasped my hands, and looking into my eyes, said, 'Tell me the truth. Have you had trouble with the Molly Maguires?' I told the story briefly. Her mother had entered the kitchen, and, standing by Anna's side heard all. Both standing by Anna's side, heard all. Both women said: 'You must leave here in-stantly. You will be killed for this before morning if you stay. If you escape and can be found you will be brought back and conbe found you will be brought back and victed of murder by false testimony.'
'Anna kept our money. She went to a little hole in a slab and drew out a roll of little hole in the banded it to me, saying: 'I bills and handed it to me, saying: 'I thought we would have this to start in our

ALSO.

NOW SEYJOH OF

Ladies' and Children's Hose

Ladies' and Children's thought we would have this to start in our married life with; but we cannot think of that now.' Tears filled her eyes as she saw our happiness passing away. I divided the the money, giving her two-thirds. Then, I thinking I heard whispering and light footsteps on the mountain side below the house. I passed out the back door. Anna clasped her arms around my neck, and whispering. 'Do not write, as the postmarks will betray your whereabouts,' kissed me and said. 'Make haste, my love,' and turning, entered the house and closed the door behind her. I sprang lightly over the vine-clad fence and

excussed myself, after promising to breakfast with Watson the next day. At the hotel the next morning I found him in a high state of excitement, that he vainly strove to conceal. He was exceedingly restless during the meal. Noticing my inquiring looks, he flushed, and, with a fretful cath, exclaimed: "No. I have not been drinking. Meeting you and Haskell has brought back the past so vividly that I could not sleep last night. I am nervous and irritable. Let us walk." There had been a sharp change in the temperature. The streets of Leadville were white with enwiy-fallen snow, and the air was thick with snowlishes. On coming to the main street we say an ambulance slowly J.J. GEORGES

was thick with snowflakes. On coming to the main street we saw an ambulance slowly moving up the hill. Watson spoke to the driver, saying, "Have you patients for the hospital?" "Yes," he answered, "some of the smelters are leaded, and there are some cases of pneumonia." Turning about Watson said: "Let us go to the hospital. I have been here six weeks, and to my shame, be it said, I have not been near the hospital nor given it a dollar. I will go up now and make amends for my neglect." We followed the ambulance up the hill and entered the building. There were some dead men there. There were many who would never leave the house alive. In one ward were many plants and vines growing in pots and tin caus. and vines growing in pots and tin caus.
This ward was scrupulously neat and sweet.
There were ten or twelve sick men lying on as many cots. They were queerly irritable and unreasonable. We did not receive a and unreasonable. We did not receive a civil answer from any of them. All looked as if they thought the mere presence of a healthy man was an insult to them—a cowardly insult inflicted when they were unable to resent it. At the further end of the room a woman stood, her back toward us. She bent over a sick man; then, seating herself on the edge of his cot, seemed to be feeding him with a pleased look on his fine face, and we walked toward her. Standing at the foot of the cot, we listened to her talking cheerily to the sick man, and good-humoredly laughing when he denounced the fellow who invented gruel and demanded fried oysters. I was startled by a clutch on my shoulder. I

mue was descrited and silent. The faint, yellow, sickly flames of the widely-separated by ellow, sickly flames of the widely-separated permanent lamps only served to reveal the intense blackness of the passageway. With flames blackness of the passageway. With the sick man, and good-humoredly laughing when he denounced the fellow who invented gruel and demanded fried oysters. I was tartled by a clutch on my shoulder. I turned oysters. I was shocked at the change in him. His eyes fairly blazed, his face was white, his lips firmly compressed, and his nostrils were expanded and quivering. His chest heaved painfully. I could feel his pulse throb as his wrist pressed against my neck. The sick man turned in his bed. I saw the petulant take its place. Then the dim eyes of the sick man flamed with the dauntless courage of the American miner as he glared to his breast. She recovered and struggled weakly to free herself. Closer and closer she was drawn to my friend's heart. Bending over he kissed her lips passionately. Her arms coiled around his neck, and I heard the murmurs, "Anna!" "Henry!" I was alone when I walked back through the dead and dying and out into the snowmantled street.—Swaday Sun.

One bright morning last spring John Sher-man was sitting in his office, when suddenly a bright-haired, pretty girl dashed into his presence. She was apparently sixteen and had about her an air of business which even

her sprightly manner. He told her to come month and supports in comfort her mother and sister. This brave, bright young woman is Miss May Macauley, formerly of Atlanta. Her father was a lieutenant in the Righ-teenth infantry, whose sad suicide is dis-tinctly remembered.— Washington letter to the

Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution. Howa Cyclone Looks. The recent terrible cyclone in Macoupin county, Ill., is thus described by Engineer Cutter of the Chicago and Alton express train, which was running at full speed, and met the tempest near Carlinsville. Mr. supposed to be straw or haystack on fire. As he approached it he saw that it moved rapidly toward the track, and then realized that it was a cyclone of the most appalling character. It was a dark, funnel-shaped cloud reaching from the ground high in the air, where it disappeared into the clouds. It was black and dangerous looking, and It was black and dangerous looking, and whirled with terrible velocity. Its voice, heard even in the distance above the rumble and roar of the train, was frightful in the extreme. The cyclone seemed to travel at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and was so fast approaching that the moving train so fast approaching that the moving train must in a moment inevitably strike it. Mr. Cutter shut off his engine and applied his



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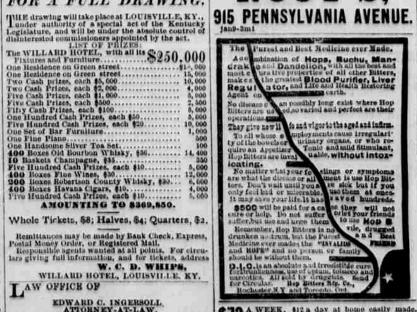
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